

Welcome to Hawkins by i am cloud

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Summary: Welcome to Hawkins, Indiana. A small Midwestern town where nothing interesting happens. At least, it was, until Will Byers goes missing. Now what Eileen Newby thought to be normal has become a real life D&D campaign. As she tries to figure out what the hell is going on, she learns that the truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

Welcome to Hawkins

This is a problem. *Stranger Things* has kept invading my dreams. As wonderful as it is, I have a feeling it's my mind telling me to focus more on this fic. It took me some time to put the first chapter together, but I'm pretty happy with how it turned out. This one is short, but expect future chapters to be longer.

Disclaimer: I don't own *Stranger Things*. The Duffer Brothers and Netflix do.

October 14th, 1971

Chicago, IL

Colors shone from the tiny hospital TV like a beacon, its light flashing across a little girl no older than four. She had been placed beneath a pile of itchy blankets and dressed in a gown that was a bit too big for her. Things that most kids would have raised a fuss about. Not her. No matter what the staff did, she never once responded to their words or acts of kindness. All she had done since she awoke the previous evening was stare at whatever was before her.

The nurses had attempted to break her out of her current state of mind. They brought her a teddy bear dressed in green scrubs, Hersey Kisses, and cartons of orange juice. When they realized that their efforts were not received the way they had hoped, they began to draw back. The best that they could do was give her looks of concern whenever they dropped by her room.

She had yet to cry, even though they kept telling her that it was okay if she shed a few tears.

"You've been through something scary. We don't mind if you let it all out."

If she'd heard this, she never bothered to react. Just continued to stare straight ahead, unmoving, nearly unblinking.

Unknown to the adults who wanted to help her, the horrors of what

she had been through refused to leave her be. The screams that had filled the smoke-infested air of what had once been her home haunted her. Even though hours had since past, she could still feel the heat of the blinding flames trying to lick her skin. She could still hear the shrieks of her mother, crying out for her, as she stumbled around their apartment.

"Eileen! Baby, where are you?! Eileen!? Eileen!"

"Eileen?"

She didn't respond to the doctor who had spoken to her.

"She's been like this since we settled her in."

Eileen continued gazing at the TV hanging on the wall across from her bed. On the slightly fuzzy screen, Scooby Doo pulled out a string of hot dogs to fish with.

"Where'd you catch them?" Shaggy asked, to which Scooby Doo replied, *"Watch!"*

"Can you talk to Eileen? See if you can get a response from her?"

"I'll try," said a masculine voice, one full of exhaustion and a tinge of sadness.

The Great Dane pulled a single hot dog out of a picnic basket.

"Hey! That's our lunch!" protested Shaggy.

Normally, she would have laughed. But. . . she didn't have it in her. Not at the moment, anyway.

She could feel the presence of someone standing by her bed. Though their energy felt loving and warm, she didn't bother to acknowledge whoever it was.

"Is this *Scooby Doo*?"

The sense of familiarity she felt upon hearing them speak to her sparked something inside of Eileen. For the first time in forty-two

hours, she looked at something that wasn't a wall or television.

Though her gaze still remained blank, she managed to get a reaction from those who were present. Some whispered while others kept a pointed gaze upon what unfolded before them.

Eileen nodded her head.

Bob Newby smiled at his niece, relieved that she was okay and responding to him. After what happened with his sister. . . . It was a miracle that they were able to save Eileen from the fire. They'd told him that she was hiding under her bed, shaking and clutching her favorite stuffed toy. He'd spotted the raggedy dog by her side not long after the staff led him to Eileen's room. It was her favorite thing in the entire world, a buddy that she refused to go anywhere without it. At least she had managed to protect it. She'd need something to hold onto for the next few weeks.

"Do you. . . do you remember what happened?"

She shook her head, a brief and quick movement that her uncle almost missed.

Bob gripped the edge of her bed, tears threatening to spill again from his bloodshot eyes. It was then that he managed to find it in him to share the news that had changed their lives: "There was a fire. Your. . . your mommy didn't make it."

For a moment, Bob thought that Eileen would continue to stare at him. After a minute or two, this dramatically changed. She began to violently thrash about. Her arms and legs jerked beneath the sheets in what could be mistaken for a horrible temper tantrum. He reached forward to gently yet firmly grab hold of her in hopes to calm her down. He soothingly whispered to her over and over again that it was 'okay,' that she would be 'fine.'

But she wasn't. Not by a long shot.

Her mother had gone somewhere far away, to a place she couldn't follow.

She was far too young to know about death, a fact that worked

against Eileen and those around her. No one had sat her down and explained to her in great detail that all living things must die someday. But to look at her was to see a heart-breaking loneliness that a child so young in age should never have to know.

Shrill screams of disbelief echoed throughout the once near-silent halls, never ceasing. It wasn't until the nurses managed to inject her with drugs that she began to quiet down. Allowing her to, at last, fall into a heavy sleep.